# WITH HELEN KELLER

*by*

Nella Braddy Henney

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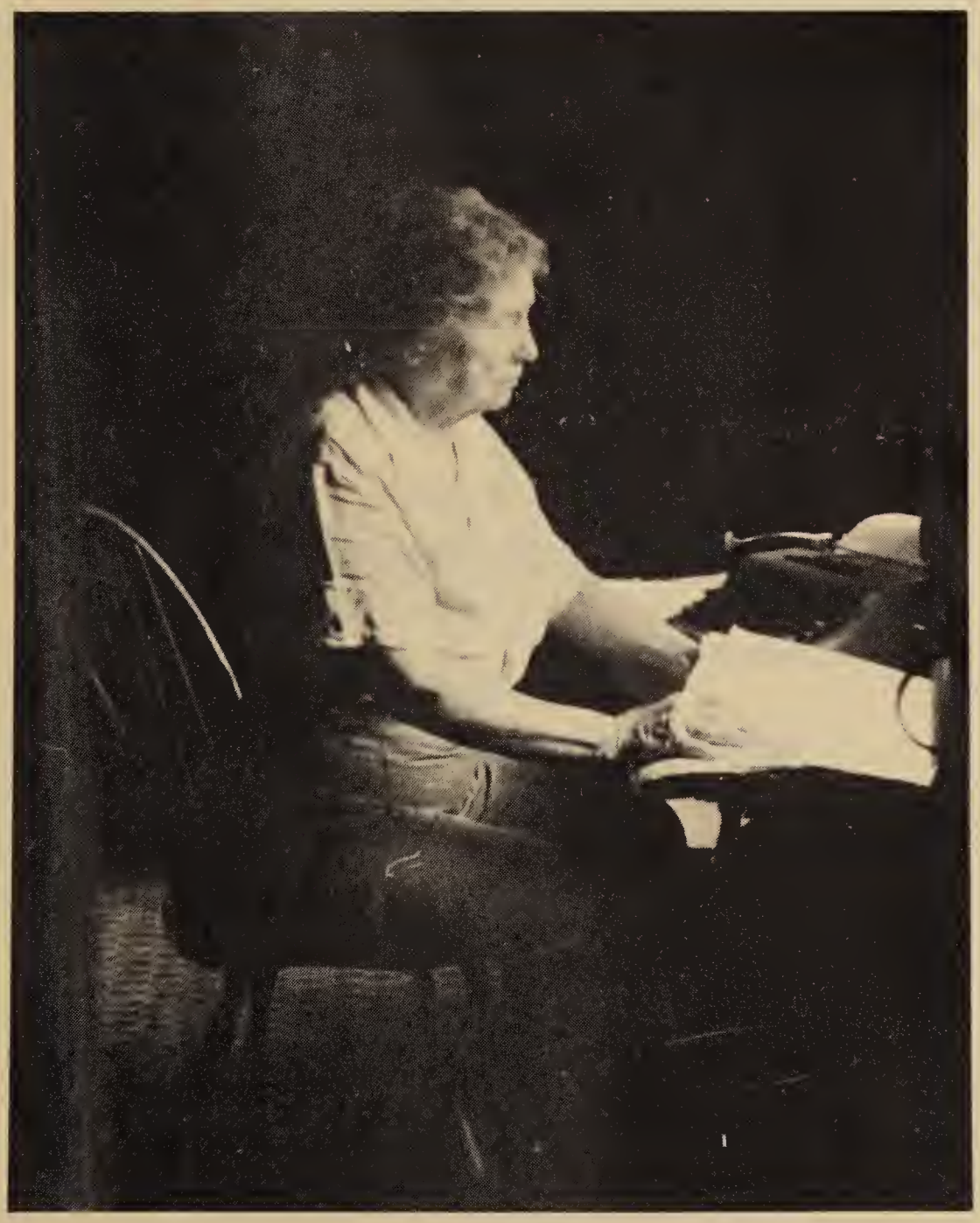

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# Dedication

"For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy."

William Cullen Bryant

Nella Braddy Henney

1894-1973

# Foreword

The manuscript for "With Helen Keller" was found among the many bundles and boxes of papers relating to the 40-odd years of Nella Braddy Henney's association with Anne Sullivan Macy, Helen Keller and Polly Thomson.

I do not know what her hopes and plans were for the little article but I believe she wanted it to be published. So, here it is.

The text is all hers but the choice of pictures is mine. It is now too late to ask if she would want her own photographs to appear with the article. I feel sure her answer would be NO. But, here they are just the same.

Keith Henney
May 1974

# With Helen Keller

My Life joined Helen Keller's because we both were attached to the publishing house of Doubleday and Co. She was a writer and I was an editor. In 1903 the president, Frank Nelson Doubleday, had published her first book, "The Story of My Life." This was a glorious heartbreaker, the story of a little girl who had become totally deaf and blind when she was 19 months old and how, with the help of her magnificent teacher, Annie Sullivan, she learned to talk and read and write. She studied physics, algebra, geometry, astronomy, Greek and Latin. She went to Radcliffe where she kept even with the girls who saw and heard. Her English teacher suggested that she write about herself for her classwork assignments. These made "The Story of My Life."

Now, twenty years after 1903, Effendi (as F. N. Doubleday was called) asked Helen if it was not time to bring the "Story" up to date, to tell the world what she had been doing all these years. Helen was not averse to the idea, but she told him that she was already writing a book and could not take on a second until the first was finished. To speed it up, Effendi told her that in his editorial staff he had a young woman who was very good at straightening out stubborn manuscripts to make them ready for the printer. She could drop everything else and place herself entirely at the service of Helen Keller. I was that woman.

I had known about Helen Keller since I was a child. "How old she must be," I thought. "How far she must be from the lively, exciting world in which the rest of us are living." I was curious to see her, but I hoped that whatever I had to do for her would not take long. I wanted to get back in the groove. I give myself IQ zero for this.

I did not have to go far to reach her. I lived in Garden City, a short walk from Effendi's establishment, near the Long Island Railroad. Helen lived about the same distance from the same railroad in Forest Hills, about twenty minutes from Garden City.

The interview with Teacher in the Forest Hills house as work begins on Helen's books.

Many surprises waited for me. On my first visit I saw only Mrs. Macy (Teacher). She was trying me out. We sat in the living room, Teacher on a couch with a vase of roses where she could touch them. I never saw her when she did not have roses there, tenderly petting them. At her feet lay Sieglinde, a great Dane whom Teacher had taught to speak; she could only say two words, **water** and **mamma**, but you could tell what she was saying. Teacher gave me a card showing the manual alphabet and told me that this was the way I would speak with Helen. From upstairs came the clack-clack of Helen's typewriter.

The first time I saw Helen, I was invited for tea. Only Teacher and Sieglinde were in sight. I did not hear Helen as she came down the stairs, but Sieglinde did and waited until she pulled aside the curtain that covered the door. She thanked Sieglinde with several pats and they walked together to Teacher. I thought she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen; so stately, so alive, so outgoing, so young, so eager. When I think of her now I see her as she was that day.

Now it was time to get to work. The book that had to be finished was about John Hitz, for many years the head of the Volta Bureau for aid to the deaf. The Bureau had been set up by Alexander Bell, inventor of the telephone and, by the way, a friend of Helen. Mr. Hitz was his right-hand man, and they and Helen and Teacher were often together. He had given Helen, when she was a child, a religion, the Swedenborg, which gave her comfort as long as she lived. Teacher could not join her in this, and here she gave a glimpse of her greatness. She had taught Helen to be Helen Keller, not to be another Annie Sullivan. Helen was to be herself. Mr. Hitz was a kind precious grandfather to her and she was determined to put down her love for him in a book.

For many years, whenever she had time, she wrote Braille scraps that were to go into the Hitz book. She had typed them for us and with her help we were able to put them together. There were so many scraps that we spread them out on a table, so many of them that often Helen and I sat on the floor for more space. There were many interruptions because Helen had many other interests. One was the American Foundation for the Blind, just coming into being.

My time was adapted to hers. When she had other work I went back to my desk at Doubleday's. I kept wild hours. Often I would arrive at Forest Hills at nine o'clock in the morning and after many hours on the manuscripts, broken by two meals and bits of chit-chat, I would start for home and reach there toward midnight. In the midst of this I took time to get married, after which I became Mrs. Keith Henney. I kept on working.

Everybody I knew wanted to hear what I had to say about Helen Keller, none more so than Effendi and his brother Russell Doubleday, my immediate boss. Effendi was not well and his physician, Dr. Frederick Tilney, professor of neurology at Columbia University, advised him to take long rides out of doors. He took me on a number of these rides, solely to talk about Helen. I told him that Teacher was nearly blind, Helen of course totally blind and they were alone. They were very tired. They had just come back from a gruelling vaudeville tour (vaudeville!) and still had a few appearances to finish their contract. Their Secretary, Polly Thomson, had gone to Scotland for a long over-due visit to her family. She would come back, but meanwhile Teacher cooked the meals. She washed the dishes and Helen wiped them. Outside was a now-and-then man of all work. His name was Herbert Haas. "They need money," said Effendi, and he gave them some. I don't know how much, but I know it was a generous amount.

What I told Effendi about Helen was repeated to Dr. Tilney. He wanted to carry out some experiments on Helen's sensory organs to find out exactly how much more delicate hers were than ours, if any. The experiments were carried out in our living room. Four long afternoons were spent at it and Dr. Tilney was shocked. Keith's hands were more sensitive than Helen's. His had been accustomed to small bits of wire and tiny pieces of electronic apparatus. Helen's were superbly trained for larger objects and that was that.

We kept on working on the Hitz book. When it was finished it was called "My Religion" and Doubleday's published it. The one that Effendi asked for came out a few years later. It was called "Midstream" (published in 1929.) Somewhere along the line Teacher asked me to write a book about her after she was dead. She knew that Helen would write one (and she did), but she felt that Helen was too close to her to

write a true book. I told Teacher that I would love to write a book about her,, but not after she was dead. Now was the time, while she was here to make sure that I had the true thing. She agreed. I took this on outside my regular work and spent seven years on it. Doubleday published it in 1933 as "Anne Sullivan Macy, The Story Behind Helen Keller."

One day when I was walking home from Doubleday's for lunch I saw two automobiles in front of our house, a small black Ford sedan, and another larger and lighter in color. I speeded up, afraid of disaster. Two men were in the lighter car and as I turned into our yard one of the men, dressed in black, caught me before I reached our steps and asked me if I was Mrs. Henney. I said I was. "Do you see that car?," he said. I said I did. He gave me an envelope. "It is yours," he said. Helen and Teacher had given me an automobile!

I looked upon it with absolute horror. There went my job at Doubleday's. Here was Effendi giving money to make

**Helen playing solitaire by the fire.**

Helen more comfortable and there were Helen and Teacher taking a great hunk of it to give me an automobile. I didn't want a car. All I wanted was to get back to the safety of my desk. I ate no lunch, but I had to wait until Russell Doubleday had finished his. "Mr. Doubleday," I began, "the most terrible thing has happened," and that was as far as I got. "Mrs. Macy told me all about it and I think it is fine," he said.

Keith by this time had left Doubleday's and was working for McGraw-Hill in New York.

Neither of us knew how to drive a car. In those days you had to break in a car; you had to drive it slowly for 500 miles before you let it go. And, of course, you had to have a license. Since Keith was later than I coming home, I had to break in the car. Round and round and round, with a friend at my side, I travelled the 500 miles and got a license. Then I taught Keith how to drive it!

The little car enlarged our lives in many ways. It released me from the Long Island Railroad and made it possible for us to go wherever we wanted to, whenever we wanted to. Traffic was no problem in those days.

The great Wall Street market crash happened on October 29, 1929. We got our car on March 31, 1930. The golden days were over. Some of the most brilliant young men were moving toward breadlines and many of the rich men were no longer rich. We had never been rich and were hardly touched by the crash. In fact we gained by it. One of the vice-presidents at Doubleday's (Sam Everitt) had the expensive hobby of building houses for himself and his nephews. One day I told him that we were looking for a cheap house far enough north to take Keith out of the misery of the hayfever country. He said the most beautiful house he owned was in New Hampshire on Foss Mountain, P. O. Snowville, two miles down the valley. We hopped into our car and set out to see it, bumping all the way. We arrived on June 1, 1933, a perfect clear day when the lilacs were in bloom and birds were singing their very best. We walked up on a stone terrace and saw the great sweep of the Presidential Range from Chocorua on the West on to the East to Pleasant Mountain in Maine. Straight ahead of us was the highest point, Mount Washington, its peak covered with snow. We bought the house before

we went inside. By present standards the price we paid was scandalous, but it took us two years to pay for it.

**The Foss Mountain house.**

I am writing in that house now and thinking of Teacher and Helen and Polly. Teacher knew that we had bought it, but she never saw it. She died in 1936. More persons than one thought this meant the end of Helen's public career, but Annie Sullivan knew better. Not long before her death a blind Japanese, Takeo Iwahashi, visited them in person to ask them to make a tour of his country to lift up the hearts of the Japanese blind. Teacher knew that she could not go, but on her death bed she told Helen and Polly that they must go. They promised.

They had been living like vagabonds. They had sold the house in Forest Hills and had been visiting families and friends. After a while they would be ready to go to Japan, but first of all they needed rest. For this we offered our house on Foss Mountain and went ahead to make it ready. They stayed six weeks, they meaning Helen, Polly, Herbert, and four dogs: Helga, a Great Dane, badly lamed by contact with an automobile, two Scotland collies, Dielas and Wendy, and one Lakeland terrier, Maida. We had a Lakeland terrier, Remus, which they had given us. We knew the dogs were coming and had a good part of the yard fenced off for them.

The day was hot and muggy. The dogs slowed them down and Herbert got lost on the dirt road to our house and asked a native where the Henneys lived. "You mean the Hendrickson's," the man said. "No," Herbert said, "the Henneys." The man thought for a while, then slapped his leg and said, "Why God bless my soul, I do know where they live! You see that little house over there? Well, that's not it. You see that other little house over that other way? Well, that's not it either. It's between the two."

Two hours before they arrived my brother, Robert Braddy, U.S.N., came to spend a few days with us while his ship was overhauled at Portland; just in good time to help Herbert and Keith bring in suitcases, books, and other paraphernalia and place the dogs in various places so as to avoid fights. Everybody, even the dogs, were too tired for activity. Robert mixed a refreshing drink, we had a light supper and went to bed.

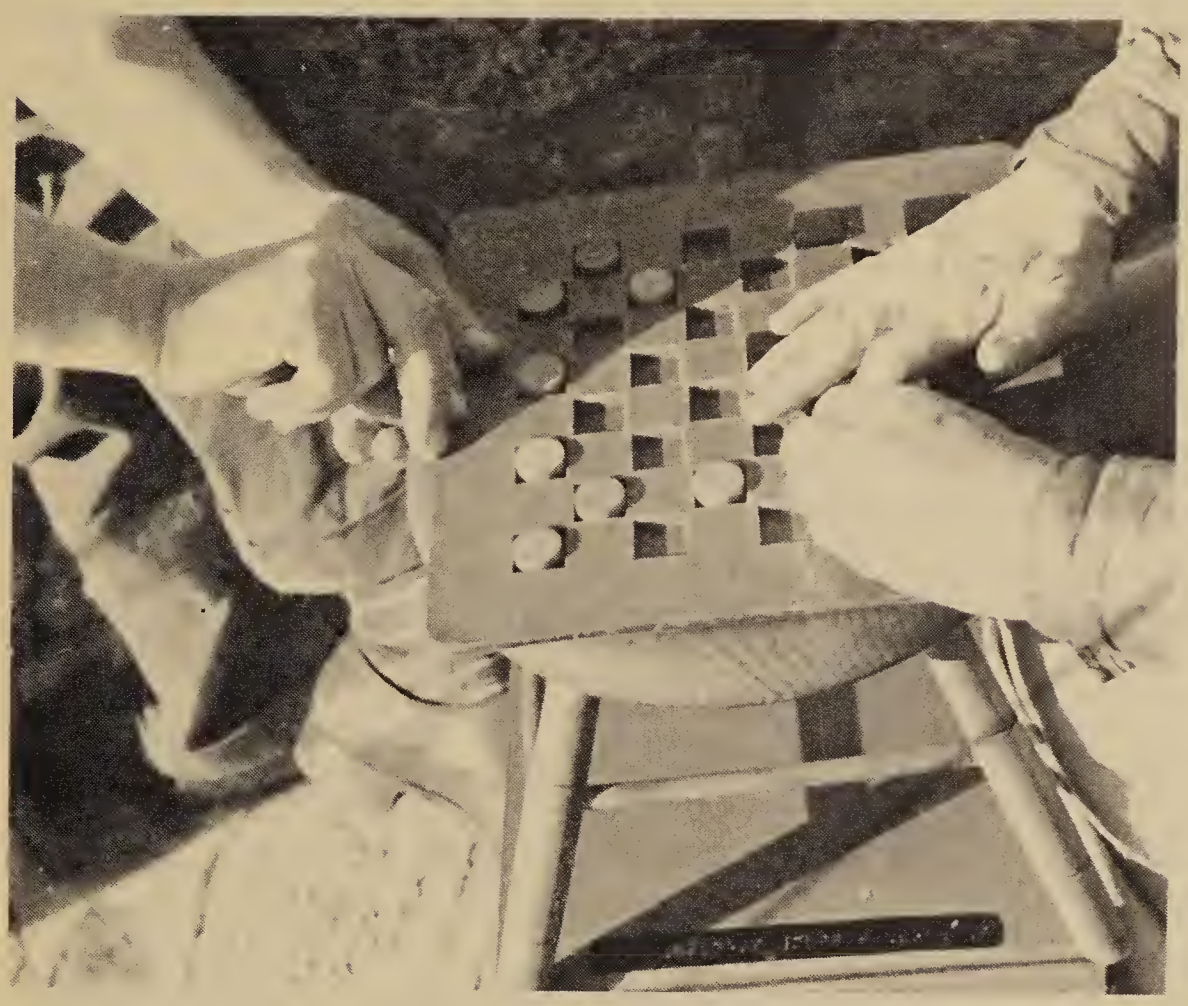
The fight began the next day. Wendy had leapt into the pen and Maida had her down in a deadly grip. All the other dogs joined in and it took all of us to bring peace again. Wendy was bleeding and had to be bound up. When the flurry was over Polly said this happened all the time and we told her and Helen that they must get rid of some of them. They agreed, but they had a special reason for keeping every one of them. Time took care of the problem.

Helen had brought some of her Braille books and a checkerboard that Herbert had made for her, the kings sunk, the men level; and many a game they played. Herbert had also made her solitaire cards with Braille notations. He had also brought his Braille machine which Teacher had given him so that he could copy articles for her. And he lost no time in setting up a rope running from the back door a long distance on a path up the hill so she could walk alone when she pleased.

The Foss house at that time had only light from kerosene lamps. Warmth came from a fire on the open hearth. Cooking was done on a big iron kitchen stove. When cool drinks were called for someone went to the basement where great lumps of ice, cut from Crystal Lake in Snowville during the last winter, lay packed in sawdust in a washtub.

Outside there were inviting walks in every direction. One

afternoon after a rain I took Helen for a stroll on our rocky road and was surprised to see how sure-footed she was. She was intoxicated with scents, and, once she had them in her hand, she could name all the wild flowers: lady's slipper, trillium, violet, bluet, etc. She could also name the mushrooms, boletus, russula, etc. but she warned against the destroying angel, the amanita; it will kill you. John Macy, Teacher's husband, had taught her about mushrooms years ago when the three of them lived in Wrentham, Mass.



**Playing checkers with Herbert.**

After they went home from Foss Mountain Helen sent me a beautiful letter, in which she said, "Every day here has been an idyll of freedom for both mind and body." She and Polly were now ready to join Takeo in Japan, leaving Herbert and the dogs at home.

The tour to Japan was the first of the many that Helen and Polly were to carry throughout the world in behalf of the blind. The American Foundation for the Blind and the Amer-

ican Foundation for the Overseas Blind gave them a platform that covered most of our globe and never a Queen gave more grace to a podium than our Helen, with Polly as her Lady-in-Waiting. Their country was proud of them and said so — from Presidents to jailbirds.

A magnificent gift awaited them when they came back home, a house that in their wildest dreams they could not have thought to be theirs. It was in the country near Westport, Connecticut, in a "Colony" belonging to Mr. Augustus Pfeiffer. His own house was in the "Colony" and around him were other houses built by him for relatives and special friends. "Uncle Gus" had given Helen a generous plot of land on which to have her house; others had joined in with money and nothing was spared. Inside and out nothing was overlooked. The house was handsomely and thoughtfully designed and exquisitely decorated. Nothing was missing. Polly said it was the most beautiful house she had ever seen. She gave it a Scotland name: Arcan Ridge.

Around them were interesting neighbors, chosen by "Uncle Gus." Now and then I went to Westport to see Helen and Polly, and there I met some of their neighbors. Those that I knew best were General Edwin (Eddie) Clark and his wife, Ethel; and Robert Pfeiffer and his wife Matilde. There was always good talk. Eddie had been on General Eisenhower's staff during World War II and we kept him talking. Robert Pfeiffer, dead now, is still famous for his studies on the Bible. Among my special treasures are his masterworks, the two books on the New and Old Testaments and the Apocrypha, which he gave me.

The visits to Arcan Ridge were always pleasant, but they were far from Garden City and most of the time we met in New York City where, thanks to Keith, I had access to the ladies' section in the Harvard Club. It came to be our stamping ground. We brought in some startling visitors. One was a young woman from a country in Europe. I will not name the country and I will call the young woman X. I was the first to arrive. X was the next. My surprise could not have been greater if she had been a Bali dancer in native costume. She was very handsome in a dark, overblown way. She wore a suit somewhat brighter than the Royal Stuart plaid; a black hat the size of an umbrella; her whole front was ornamented with

heavy silver jewelry. She talked loud in passable English and she had a laugh that shook the pictures on the wall. I was glad when Helen and Polly arrived.

What X wanted was financial aid for a deaf-blind woman married to a deaf-mute who already had one child and another on the way. This woman, X said, was known as the Helen Keller of her native country; she also wanted more help for other needy people in her really flourishing country. Polly neatly fielded all this to the AFB and we went in to lunch.

We asked X what she would like. She was undecided. We ordered seafood cocktail. She ordered seafood cocktail. She didn't like it. For the main course I ordered chicken, Helen ordered a stew, Polly ordered a Harvard salad bowl, and X ordered Cape Cod oysters fried. When the oysters came she didn't like them. After toying with them a while she reached across the table and helped herself to more than half of Polly's salad bowl. Everybody else in the room was watching the

**Helen and Polly hauling in wood for the fire.**

vaudeville at our table and I think we would have been thrown out if Helen had not been with us.

We rarely had dinner parties — we were not night-hawks — but once we had a blockbuster. Because of the eminence of our guests Polly thought the time had come for us to come out of our routine and try an elegant ladies' club of which Helen was a member. Polly and I left Helen at the Harvard Club and walked up town to the other Club to make ready for the evening. Nothing doing. Even with Helen's magic name we were not allowed to cross the threshold. Our sin was that we wanted a table for ten; the limit there was eight.

We went back to the Harvard Club where Sam, the maitre, gave us an alcove which opened on to the lounge, giving us semi-privacy. Privacy was imperative. All over town the press was hot on the heels of one of our guests, Dr. Hideki Yukawa, who had recently won the Nobel prize in physics, the first Japanese ever to win this honor. He had found the meson, three of them in fact (whatever they are).

His wife, Sumiko, was with him and there were two other Japanese, Takeo Iwahashi and his wife Kio. The two Japanese women were in native costume. Kio's was simple, but charming enough for anyone. Sumiko's had come out of fairyland, white silk with jewel-like embroidery. Other guests were Professor Hugh Bolton and his wife Elizabeth. He and Takeo had become friends when our State Department had sent him to Japan to help clean up the mess after World War II. He was now teaching Japanese history at Columbia University.

Takeo became the center of our group. With his excellent English and his native Japanese he made it possible for all of us to know what was going on. He talked because we wanted him to; so spiritual, so sensitive, so gay, and so loving that we all began loving each other. We had fun. We stayed late at the table, but the best was yet to come. Kio wanted Sumiko, a star pupil of a celebrated dancing teacher in Japan, to show Helen some of the symbolic movements in the dances. We left the alcove and went to a corner in the lounge where a few other people were sitting. Sumiki stepped out of her sandals and lifted a red and silver fan and began moving, pantomiming to show waves, a butterfly, a cup, a closed umbrella, an open umbrella, and other movements. She put us in fairyland. It took us a few minutes to come back to our or-

dinary world. Then we and the others in the Harvard Club lounge gave her a standing ovation. Nothing was left but to go home. We went.

For many reasons we were drawn to the City. Helen and Polly might begin the morning with a conference at the Foundation. Then we might go shopping or to one of the galleries where Polly and I saw more than usual because we had to see for Helen; we looked more carefully. Other days we might go to a matinee. Usually Ethel Clark and Katharine Conant were with us. If Helen did not care for the play she brought one of her Braille books and she might read it in the dressing room of her dear friend, Katharine Cornell. If Helen was with us (for she liked many of the plays) we went back stage to visit the players; if she was not with us no one paid any attention to us and we simply walked out with the rest of the riff-raff.

Nancy Hamilton was another whose door was always open to us. It was she who produced the fine documentary of Helen, "The Unconquered," with Katharine Cornell's lovely voice narrating the script. It was Nancy who brought into her living room to sing for Helen two great prima donnas, Gladys

**Kitchen wood goes into the house.**

In the hospital for a minor operation.
Nella lived in the hospital while Helen was there.

Swarthout and Kirsten Flagstad (not on the same day). Two other women should be named in this group, Martha Graham and Adele Levy. Not one of them had an ax to grind. All they wished was to make life more pleasant for Helen and each of them in her own way managed to do so.

Jo Davidson came into Helen's life about 1940. He was a sculptor whose specialty was creating busts for celebrities. such as Woodrow Wilson, General Pershing, John D. Rockefeller, Charlie Chaplin, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, General Eisenhower, Gandhi, and on and on. When he met Helen he could hardly wait to get to work. He busted her twice, allowing her to touch the material as he worked and he kept us all entertained with amusing stories about others for whom he had made busts. When the first one of her was finished Helen "saw" it with her hands. "It's me," she said with a smile.

Meanwhile another artist was working in a different medium. William Gibson was busy with his vivid motion picture of Helen and Teacher in "The Miracle Worker." I had brought Bill and his wife together with Helen and Polly at the Harvard Club. All went well, but time was running out for Polly; it is a grief to me that she never saw either the picture or the real-life stage play.

Our get togethers were all the more precious because they were far apart. Even when in the United States Helen and Polly were likely to be out of reach; they might be visiting the hospitals all over the country where the young men lay who had been injured in World War II. Helen brought hope, not flowers, and they brightened before her.

When our girls were abroad we put in a good bit of time worrying about them. On September 26, 1948 it seemed that we had good reason for it. By this time electric wires had come up the mountain and among other "improvements" we had a telephone. Lenore Smith, a friend of Helen and those in her household for many years, made use of the telephone to tell me she had a dreary letter from Polly, so dreary that she thought Polly and Helen ought to come home as soon as they could get here. I had not heard from them, but I called Herbert at Arcan Ridge. So far as he knew everything was all right. President Truman had recently sent Helen a letter appreciating all that she was doing to improve relations between the United States and Japan.

Still I worried. I worried out loud. Keith stood it as long as he could, then he asked me why I didn't telephone Polly. Excellent idea!

Dialing had not yet come in; you called Central and she did the rest. I told her that I wanted a person-to-person call to Miss Helen Keller in Japan, in the town of Osaka, in the home of Mr. Takeo Iwahashi. "Say that again," said Central. I said it again. And by the way I asked her if she knew what time it was in Japan. "Gee," she said, "I don't know, but I'll find out." The answer was that it was nine o'clock tomorrow morning in Japan. Later she came back to ask if Helen Keller was a member of the armed service. I told her that she was **the** Helen Keller and told her why she was in Japan. Later still she came back to ask how I expected to talk with Helen Keller when she was deaf. "I have a way," I said and explained it.

Silence descended for about three hours. Finally I called to check on what was happening and found myself talking to the overseas operator in San Francisco, a man this time. He said my call could not go through until 1:30, but I could have it at six A.M. in Snowville. I went to bed. About three o'clock A.M. a young man whose telephone was on our line walked half a mile up the hill to tell me that a Japanese woman had been trying to get me, ringing and ringing – had rung at least twenty times; and she said my call would come through at five o'clock. Sure enough it did. Polly was on the line. She had had a cold and a little trouble with blood pressure, but everything was all right now. Helen came on the line and Takeo came on the line; everybody got on the line. Everything was fine in Japan and suddenly everything was fine on Foss Mountain.

The physical strength of Helen and Polly was beyond belief. In the midst of all they were doing, bit by bit, Helen was writing a book, much like the one about Mr. Hitz. She called it the "Teacher Book." It was the last one she wrote, the last one I edited for her. It was published in 1955 as "Teacher, Anne Sullivan Macy."

We all hoped that Helen would be the one to go first, but it didn't work that way. The beginning of the end for Polly, I think, began when the house in Westport burned to

the ground. This happened on November 23, 1946 and the news went round the world. Polly and Helen got it in Greece. Herbert was in France. I got it by radio while I was cooking breakfast in the kitchen in Garden City. When I got to Westport a few days later nothing was left but black earth, still smoldering.

**Polly, Helen and Nella going over the day's news which was bad!**

For Helen the greatest loss were scraps, mostly in Braille, for the "Teacher" book, but she took it quietly. "We still have Herbert," she said. Polly said "It has made me an old woman."

Matilde Pfeiffer opened her house in the Colony to them until another house could be built on the site of the first one. The valiant girls kept working; soon they were off to Australia to carry their story of hope for the blind. Outside, the new house was as handsome as the first one, but all the things that make a house a home had gone with the fire. The War was still under way in spots and money was not easy to come by. Cheap and sturdy was the new furniture, somber were the drapes, and small things were overlooked, scissors for instance. But, as before, they kept working.

Worse was to come. The regular habit in early morning was for Herbert to get up and start breakfast. On September 12, 1950 when Polly came out of her room she was surprised to see no sign of him. She knocked at his door and got no answer. She opened the door and their lay Herbert on the floor, dead of a heart attack. He had been with them for more than thirty years and there was no one who could take his place.

Polly had always been high strung and now the tension increased. She fought it with all her Scottish strength but a stroke on September 21, 1957 put an end to her service to Helen. The pity of it was that she had enough mind left to know that someone else had taken her place. Helen was very tender with Polly, but for Polly there was always that other person.

She was Winifred Corbally, a superb nurse who stood strictly to the rules of her profession. One day when I was alone with Helen I asked her what Winnie's interests were. "Everything to do with the healing of the human body and everything I want her to read for me," she said.

Polly died on March 21, 1960. Helen who had never had fear of death said serenely, "She and Teacher will be waiting for me." And they were. The ashes of these women who, working together, had done so much for us all are in the same crypt in the Washington National Cathedral.

Helen outlived Polly by eight years. Winnie Corbally was with her for all these years. The last time I saw Helen was when we were on our way to Foss Mountain. We were not sure that she knew who we were, but she was aware that two people who loved her were at her side. A year or so from this time we left our house in Garden City to make our permanent homes in Snowville, the one on Foss Mountain for summer and another down in the village for winter. After this, no matter which house we were in, I kept up with Helen by telephone. The Sunday call to Arcan Ridge became so ingrained that sometimes even today, about two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, in remembrance of Arcan Ridge, out of sheer homesickness, I call Winnie at her home to talk about the old days; and sometimes she calls me for the same reason. To us Helen is still alive, as she is to everyone.

Among the permanent possessions of the Foss Mountain house is a framed letter from Helen written after her 1938 visit. The lines below came from that letter.

"Dearest Nella,

When one's heart is overflowing with sweet emotion, written words do grow cold, but I must try to tell you in soul language, before we leave this noon, that your Nest of Peace is twice blest. It blesses you who put us into it for six weeks' joy-gathering and us who have revelled in its enfolding hospitality.

How inundated we have been with every kind of beauty every minute on Foss Mountain!"

Helen Keller

Snowville,
New Hampshire
July eleventh, 1938

All the rest of the bundles and boxes of papers relating to Helen, Teacher, Polly and Nella have gone to the Perkins School for the Blind or the American Foundation for the Blind where they may be studied by researchers into the lives of four extraordinary, courageous, wonderful women – K. H.

**Helen at her typewriter on Foss Mountain.**

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